

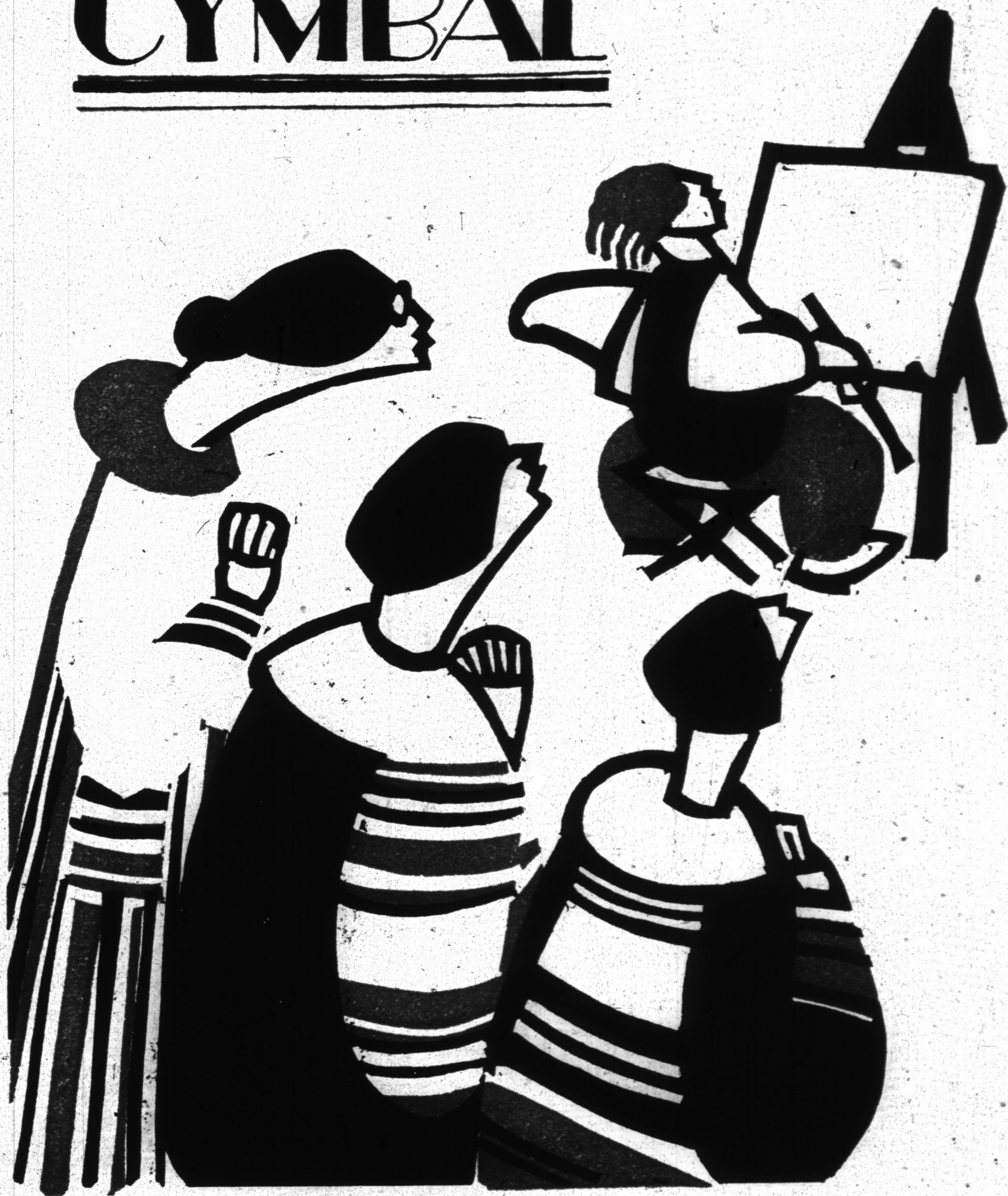
PAUL FLANDERS,  
BOX 347, CARMEL



# THE CARMEL CYMBAL

OCT. 20  
1926

TEN CENTS





## GOLDEN BOUGH TELLS OF PLANS FOR THE SEASON

**F**IRST American production rights for for two European plays have been secured for the Theatre of the Golden Bough, according to Edward Gerhard Kuster, the director, and negotiations are being made by him for others.

"2 X 2 Equals 5", the comedy by Gustave Wied, Denmark's foremost playwright, is one of these, and will be produced in America for the first time, at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, with a Carmel cast on February 3, 4 and 5.

In the month preceding this—January 6, 7 and 8—Kuster will stage Sidney Coe's "Knew What They Wanted", and on nights of March 17, 18 and 19 it is planned to give a local production of "The Hairy Ape", Eugene O'Neill's famous play. Either "L'Arlon" or "Cyrano de Bergerac" will be the offering for July 1, 2, 3 and 4. The plays for April and May have not been selected.

In order to assure success of the presentation of these plays in Carmel, with Carmel casts, Kuster has prepared printed announcements of his plans for the season 1927-1928 and has opened a subscription list for season tickets.

He emphatically states that this list will remain open only until December 1 of this year. The published announcement reads:

The six major productions of The Theatre of the Golden Bough, during the season of 1927-28, including such imported plays as may be chosen for first American performance, are now placed on subscription, at the price (federal tax included) of \$10 for the six plays, payable on or before June 1, 1927.

The first night of each of the above productions, following a well-established custom, will be known as "Subscription Night", open only to subscription seat-holders. Admission will not be sold to the public for this night. Subscribers may, however, transfer their seat rights for single performances or may transfer their subscription entirely.

Subscribers may, at their option, at the time of subscription, reserve the same seats for all the "first nights".

Aside from the foregoing six productions, subscribers will have first choice of seats for all attractions presented at the Theatre. This will insure them against the difficulty and confusion that might arise when, as in the Margaret Anglin and Persinger Quartet engagements, the capacity of the house is taxed to the utmost. Bulletins of coming events

## ONE MUST EAT

(This week's cover design by Hestwood)

**A** MAN looked with wonder upon the universe  
He spoke  
"You are God's mountains  
You are God's trees  
You are his water and his land  
I will pick up my brush  
I will pick up my palette with colors  
I will cast your wonders upon the canvas which is my easel."

And there came into the land three maidenly wanderers.  
Prayerfully and with clasped hands they gazed upon the mountains, the trees, and the soil.

They exclaimed breathlessly over this and breathlessly over that.  
They happened upon the man who painted upon the canvas.  
"He has a great heritage," thought they, "Greatly must he rejoice in his work."

He that painted felt the presence of those that watched and was troubled.

Great was his wrath.

"More tourists. Damn them."

But—He became as calm as the sea after the storm.

"It is upon these tourists,

It is upon these wanderers,

It is upon the passers-by

Yes—It is upon just these that I depend for my daily sustenance."

be mailed to subscribers in due time.

The subscription list will remain open until December 1, 1926. It will then be published in the illustrated brochure of The Theatre of the Golden Bough now in preparation. In case of over-subscription before that date, applications will be honored in order of receipt. The list will be closed promptly on the date above stated.

The foregoing working arrangement, founded on the experience of the New York Theatre Guild, the Neighborhood Playhouse of New York, and the Birmingham Repertory Theatre in England, is practically indispensable to the larger development of The Theatre of the Golden Bough. The Theatre of the ready recognized, by reason principally of its first productions, as a Western creative center for the development of modern drama, American and foreign.

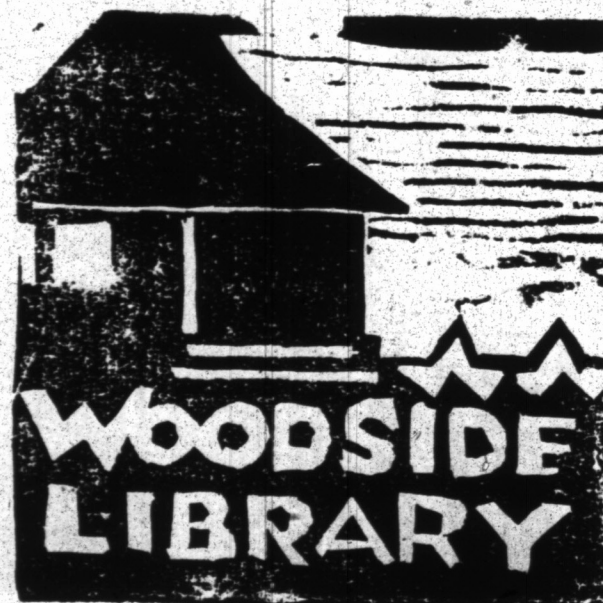
The director of The Theatre of the Golden Bough does not doubt that the response to this communication will be prompt and spontaneous. He urges the fact that the interest taken by the public in this plan will be the measure of its confidence and pride in The Theatre of The Golden Bough.

## CARMEL Tea Garden

LUNCHEON, TEAS AND DINNERS  
BRIDGE AND PRIVATE PARTIES  
CATERED FOR  
ORDERS TAKEN FOR FRUIT AND  
ANGEL CAKES, ENGLISH  
CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS.

Garden Closed on Monday

SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH  
TELEPHONE 366





# The Saga of Snik

the adventures of a rat



Number One

DEPLORABLE CONDITIONS AT  
THE CARMEL CYMBAL OFFICE

I AM a rat  
My name is Snik  
My home is in a room  
Machines go crash  
Machines go boom  
The man runs here  
The man runs there  
About the room he'll dash  
He works too hard  
My name is Snik  
I'm going to leave  
He makes me sick



MONTEREY  
PENINSULA  
PHILHARMONIC  
SOCIETY

*In Conjunction  
with the*

CARMEL  
PARENT-TEACHER  
ASSOCIATION

*Present*

E. Robert  
**Schmitz**

*The Celebrated  
French  
Pianist*

*at the*

Theatre of the  
Golden Bough

*Friday Evening  
October 22nd*

~~~~~  
TELEPHONE  
RESERVATIONS  
ACCEPTED

Reserved Seats \$1.50

ON SALE AT  
THEATRE BOX OFFICE



## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

### Notes and Comment

EVERY once in a while you are brought face to face with the overpowering, staggering intelligence of our lawmakers; those who sit in the high places of the legislature at Sacramento. In glancing through a "synopsis of California vehicle act", presented to us absolutely gratis when we received the license plate for our new Whippet we ran across the following paragraph, set down as a part of Chapter 5 and reading as follows, to wit:

#### Extent of Caution Demanded of Children

Par. 27. A child will not be held to as high a degree of caution as an adult person, but it will be held to all the caution of which it may be capable. It is required to exercise only such care as other children of the same age are accustomed to exercise, unless it can be shown that it is possessed of unusual intelligence and discretion.

And after reading the foregoing and re-reading it and reading it again we found ourselves still wondering what extent of caution is demanded of children by the California Vehicle Act. You tell us.

AN ADVERTISEMENT that struck in us a responsive chord recently appeared in one of the peninsula papers. It suggested to automobile owners that they buy their gasoline and oil from independent dealers—meaning those who are in the business solely of retailing these commodities and do not conduct mere agencies of the wholesale gasoline and oil companies for retail distribution of their products. The suggestion strikes us as being a good one. The Standard Oil company, Associated Union and Shell are primarily wholesale distributors and refiners of oil and they can get along nicely in that branch of the business. The retail distribution should be handled by residents of the communities in which the oil and gasoline is sold. That is, all else

being even; cleanliness, service, courtesy and commodity. The independent dealers sell you the same oil and gasoline as the service stations of the big companies, and at the same price. They are generally as well equipped to care for your machine and render you the service station amenities that go with your purchase of fuel. When they do not successfully compete in this they cannot claim your trade on any purely sentimental basis, but when they do they should be patronized as against the stations of the wholesale companies. Some wag recently remarked that you should not feel badly about what you pay for gasoline when you stop to think that you are aiding in the philanthropies of Rockefeller, but we will take care of our own philanthropies, thank you.

\* \* \*

OF COURSE, it were folly to expect from a mass of real estate men or, rather, realtors, quite the same dignity that is common to—well, say, college professors, but when the California Real Estate Association paid us the questionable compliment of announcing that it would sojourn with us for a week we didn't exactly appreciate how horrible it was going to be. They used to say that

all the numbskulls of the state were elected to the state assembly; now they are elected delegates to the state real estate association. And all of them visited Carmel last week. To enjoy its beauty? To gaze upon its untarnished beach? To explore its forests? To catch a glimpse of its artists and its poets and its marshal? No. To gape at "Aimee McPherson's love nest".

If there was one be-ribboned realtor, stepping from an automobile that resembled a three-ring circus, who asked for direction to the "Aimee cottage" there were a million, and we're not exaggerating much. We didn't realize there were as many realtors in California as those who requested information as to the quickest route to "Aimee's shack". That was not only apparently, but evidently, all they came to Carmel to see. They didn't even want to spend a night here—as the somewhat shocked and surprised managements of Pine Inn and La Playa will attest. "Where's Aimee's house?" was their watchword, the keynote, apparently, of their convention on the Monterey peninsula.

Over at the new San Carlos, opened prematurely in order to reap the harvest of realtors, the clerk told us that there were 350 of the creatures there "and all





## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

they asked me was about Carmel and where the Aimee McPherson house was over there."

In Carmel, the convention entertainment committee had no occasion to provide any further amusement than giving directions to the "Aimee McPherson bungalow".

And did they find it?

They did. To his utter disgust, and the creation of a loathing for realtors that should last him the balance of his life, Howard Benedict, who happens to own and who at present lives in the house on Scenic Drive where the notorious Los Angeles evangelist is believed to have spent ten days last May, knows that they did.

One day last week he returned with Mrs. Benedict and discovered that in their absence the house had been entered, presumably by means of a realtor's pass key. There were cigarette stumps strewn about the floor, the rugs disarranged, the various rooms bearing signs of brief and vulgar occupancy, and, lying on the table in the living room, a card of a real estate concern in Southern California.

Mrs. Jeannette Parkes, who lives next door, informed Mr. Benedict that she had assumed the visitors had no right in the house and had ordered them out shortly before the owners returned.

During the real estate convention week the Benedict house was the mecca for hundreds of empty-headed, common parasites who term themselves "realtors" of California.

And the tales the real estate men and women of Carmel have to tell about the strange tribe are both amusing and disgusting.

One of the Carmel entertainment committee members spent almost an entire day trying to explain to "realtors" and their wives that "Hay Fever" was a comedy, a play; not an educational movie. And it is by these Carmel real estate operators that the biggest disgust is expressed. One of them remarked that in Los Angeles there was considerable fun made of Carmel's "grocery boy", Carmel's "woodyard man", Carmel's "telegraph messenger", and it was declared by this Carmelite that the grocery boy, woodyard dealer, telegraph messenger, together or singly, possessed considerably more breeding than could squeeze into the real estate convention at Del Monte and be recognized.

Governor Friend Richardson, such as he is, felt the bunch too noisome for him and, as he is not running for office, he sent his regrets. C. C. Young appeared before the convention, of course. He is running for office and expediency is more important in such cases than discrimination.

The publisher of the San Francisco Call arrived and "delivered an address" because real estate advertising is one of the best little sustenances of the San Francisco Call. If you can name one of the "speakers" at the big gathering who didn't have a selfish motive in appearing there

we'll be surprised.

On entering Del Monte the "gentlemen" came in what were termed "caravans" and in order that these caravans might progress at the rate of fifty and sixty miles an hour state motorcycle police dashed ahead of them and ordered every self-respecting citizen off the road. Many persons on legitimate business between Monterey and Salinas were compelled to wait half an hour while the real estate operators of California smashed the speed limits of California into several cocked hats. There have been requests made of the California Automobile Association to further information as to how this can be accomplished—even by real estate operators.

But if the automobile association, or the realtors, decide that it's none of our business and that the California State Real Estate convention will never again come to Monterey peninsula, because of our opinion of it, we'll be inordinately happy.

ON the rare but possible chance that there are some in the range of The Cymbal's clang who would value the opinion of the editor on a few of the state constitutional amendments to be voted on November 2, we offer the following:

Vote for No. 1. It creates additional funds to provide veterans of the World War with financial assistance in the purchase of homes and farms, to be granted as loans and repaid with interest.

Vote for No. 4. It increases the gasoline tax another cent and will come hard only on those who buy gasoline in large quantities and they can afford to make the sacrifice for better roads.

Vote for No. 6. It licenses racing and betting on races on the Pari-Mutuel system and does away with one of the vicious inhibitions on the right of the public to the pursuit of happiness. We don't want any of their betting thrills, but we can't see why Tom, Dick and Harry can't have 'em if they want 'em. Rudolph Spreckels and his financial brethren will lose most of the money anyway.

Vote anyway you please on No. 9. It repeals the Wright act which provides state enforcement of Mr. Volstead's law. Don't get any fool notion that its success will bring back good liquor, but it will undoubtedly let more bootleggers loose and, incidentally, the stuff they purvey—if you like that sort of thing. The Volstead law is going into the ash-can eventually, anyway.

Vote against No. 11, and vote hard. It releases sectarian schools from taxation and is a religious measure pure and simple. The religionists fight every inch against the appearance of the Bible or the Koran or Science and Health With Key to the Scriptures in the public schools, so why help them along with their own private proselyting.

Vote against No. 17. It's only an effort of the religionists on the other side to waste a lot of school hours with reading the Bible. If they'd read only the

beautiful parts of it, per se, it would be all right, but they wouldn't.

Vote for No. 18. The San Francisco Chronicle is against it which is the best reason we know for believing that it must be a good measure. It's the Water and Power Act, so-called.

IN the family of nations America seems intent on retaining the perpetual loving cup for childishness and ill-breeding. In our preliminary excitement over the arrival of Queen Marie of Roumania we have placed ourselves several miles ahead for this year's acquisition of the trophy. The daily papers which, in their news columns, are perfect thermometers of our juvenile blood pressure, are using

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

## HOMES AND BUILDINGS

*I have constructed in Carmel form a record of which I am proud. They constitute performance that speaks much louder than promise. I will gladly confer with you on designs, plans and specifications.*

### PERCY PARKES

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER

PARKES BUILDING CARMEL

Telephone 71

## LOST



ENGLISH BULL TERRIER—In or around Carmel on Monday. Answers to name of "Fritz". Oakland license.

REWARD for information regarding him. Phone J. D. Mc Farland—Monterey 380.



# AMERICAN MOVIES

## A Letter From Edward Kuster

W. K. Bassett,  
Editor, The Carmel Cymbal,  
Carmel, California.

My dear Bassett:

Allow me to hand in an appreciation of your refreshingly liberal and forward-looking stand in the matter of notice taken of the doings of our Carmel theaters. It is a hope-rekindling sign of the advancing times that The Cymbal has spontaneously attuned itself to the journalistic principle that local theater information of intrinsic interest is, within reasonable space-limits, "news" to be printed as such whether accompanied by paid advertising or not.

Has the public been made really aware of the degree of strangulation of American theaters, large and small, metropolitan and small-town, effected by the vicious old newspaper custom you have rejected—the practice, namely, of regarding the play producer as an amusement-monger, compelling him, beyond his means, to advertise his merchandise, though it were so much soap or pig-lead?

The artist-managers of the New Theatre—that high-spirited insurgent theatre of Gordon Craig, St. John Ervine, Granville Barker, Percy MacLaye—have come with warm enthusiasms and bright hopes, with something to give rather than to sell, intending not to regard their public as so many potential gills for the plucking, but (in the words of the founder of the Little Theatre in this country—Maurice Brown) as "possible comrades for great adventure".

An old-minded commercial press, unlit from within, has demanded its pound of flesh from the heart of each of these adventures of the New Theatre, and the disheartened adventurers have been forced, one after another, into the "amusement game", nowadays conducted by as cynical a group of hucksters and money-changers as have ever been gathered together on earth.

However, at this time I am thinking of motion pictures rather than of the theater proper. Yours has been the only publication on the peninsula that has voluntarily and spontaneously interested itself, independently of paid advertising, in the series of foreign pictures which the Theatre of the Golden Bough has tentatively arranged to show at intervals during the winter. My losses on these pictures, during Carmel's "quiet" months, will be considerable unless I can quickly interest in them many more people than the few score "fans" that make up the patrons.

This being so, I am a bit apprehensive

of the impression that may have been conveyed by your last week's editorial in which you state that in the present number of the The Cymbal a college man of parts, who has been "rather globe-trotting with his mother" for some years, will "leap to the defense of the American movie", and you promise that he will be "a bit caustic toward those of us who prefer foreign films, or say we do".

If it were merely an academic question, with no immediate local bearing, your correspondent might amuse himself with impunity, setting up and knocking down as many straw men as he pleased. But in



this instance the danger of raising false local issues of "patriotism in art" is that if people who have not yet seen the imported pictures should be misled into a prejudice against them the audiences might continue to be meagre, except for a sensational widely-advertised film like "Variety", to justify further showings of products of the foreign studios.

I object to the suggestion that merely because we enjoy now and then a selected foreign film of especial merit we must necessarily "prefer foreign films" in general. I venture no opinion on the merits of the general average of European motion pictures—they may be better than ours or even worse. But why "leap to the defense of the American movie" because an astute importer or two has had the discriminating taste and the gumption to select and to bring over here for our delight such above-the-ordinary productions as "The Last Laugh", "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari", "Les Misérables", "Variety", "Passion", "Danton", "Honor Thy Wife" and "Michael Strogoff"? It is possible for an American to admire other products of foreign art or handcraft without being charged with high treason, or, which is worse, affectation. Why this touchiness on the subject of motion pic-

tures?

Surely each imported film should be judged—that is, by those who must judge, having lost, if indeed they ever possessed, the faculty of enjoying—on its individual merits as a work of photodramatic art, regardless of country of origin. The canons of taste and principles of criticism common to all the arts lie ready to hand—flag-waving may be good exercise, and it is doubtless a fine thing for the motion picture industry, but it has nothing to do with motion picture art.

It is not pretended that every foreign film is the last word in picture production or represents the summit of human achievement. However, looking over the list of importations to date, I have found them all entertaining, usually novel and refreshing in treatment, characterized by an absence of hokum and extravagant expensiveness, excellent in direction, acting and photography, and frequently tending to throw light on the manner and way of life of our blood-brothers and sisters across the ocean to a degree not to be compared with the slight contact the average hotel-frequenting traveller makes with the real life of the non-English-speaking countries through which he passes.

It is very likely that the foreign studios produce mountains of trash, just as ours do. But it simply happens to be the fact that until now, at all events, the importers have been sufficiently intelligent to avoid the tawdry and meretricious in foreign motion picture art—if this view is an "affectation" your contributor, Mr. Purdy, may now proceed to boil me in oil.

Sincerely yours  
EDWARD KUSTER

## An Answer to Edward Kuster

My dear Edward:

I don't know whether you owe Mr. Purdy an apology or I do. The trouble with you is you're too darned sensitive. You are your own worst enemy. Really there are not nearly as many people trying to put the Theatre of the Golden Bough out of business as you think there are. After reading Mr. Purdy's article, which you should have waited to do before you wrote your letter, you will discover that you have made a mistake in your assumption that he has any designs on your theater. Your veritable "leaping" to an attack on Mr. Purdy was apparently inspired by my short editorial paragraph last week which was primarily, I might almost say exclusively, designed to tell the readers of The Cymbal who my contributor is and by what authority and experience he was giving his views on the American-foreign motion picture controversy—which, by the way, is a controver-



## VS. FOREIGN FILMS

sy that has a far broader field than the Monterey peninsula, or Carmel, and is an existing thing, whether you like it or not.

As I say, you are your own worst enemy, and it might have been kindness on my part to have consigned your letter to those bottomless depths where I put all contributed poetry on cypress trees and Point Lobos. I submit that there was nothing in my editorial of last week to give you cause sarcastically to use quotes from it in reference to Mr. Purdy. And as far as is concerned your reference to my remark that he would be a "bit caustic toward those of us who prefer foreign films, or say we do", the joke is rather on you, because I have a sneaking feeling that his references are largely aimed against me and not you. I don't believe he has ever heard you say you preferred them. I never have heard you say so.

As for straw men I pay your intelligence and general good sense the compliment of believing that you will discover after reading Mr. Purdy's article, that the nebulous gentleman is of your own manufacture, and that with lowered head you will proceed to boil yourself in the oil of regret.

But I want to thank you for your tribute to The Cymbal and to assure you that it is my aim and determination to continue this policy of furnishing the public with information of what is going on in the town, either at the theaters or in the city hall. There is no more reason why City Manager Fraser or Trustee George Wood should give me paid advertising for the publicity I give them than for you to do so. And I want also to tell you that I consider that you are making the supreme individual effort in this community to furnish the public with delight and entertainment, and consider it a considerable blot on the reputation of Carmel that it does not apparently appreciate what you are doing, or trying to do. One of these days you'll be compelled to drop your cello and put up an electric sign, and sign up with Mack Sennett and become an "amusement-monger" and it will serve the town jolly well right.

I might add in closing that "Variety" stunned me by its magnificence and sheer beauty to such an extent that I find myself unable to write about it. Thanks awfully for that.

Most sincerely  
W. K. BASSETT



## 'It's No Good— It's American'

### A Plea For Critical Fairness at the Cinema

By CHARLES Mc MORRIS PURDY

There has been of late an increasing tendency, both on the part of the high brow motion picture critics in the eastern ports of culture and of that great minority, the intelligent movie-goer, to deprecate the American-made film and to raise glory hallelujas in behalf of those celluloid importations bearing the magic name of France, Italy, Denmark, Austria, England and Germany. Even Spain, long neglected as a production center, is beginning to raise its sweet scented head among the linotypes of critical columnists.

Distance may lend enchantment, but need distance always imply discrimination?

As a heretofore silent observer of motion pictures not only in this country, but in several of the aforementioned foreign communities, the present writer rises in an



unpremeditated protest to the intelligent few to employ sanity in judgment, not to confuse the national artistic inferiority complex with rightful artistic condemnation.

From the obstreperous and wordy Mencken to the youthfully cynical and dissatisfied Richard Watts, Jr. of the New York Herald-Tribune, comes like the roar of a cageful of Mr. Ringling's meat-fed lions, vituperations against the American motion picture. Mr. Watts, as an outspoken example of the younger school of cinema critics, deprecates occasionally, and admits with reluctance that such a picture as "The Big Parade", or "Stella Dallas", is a credit to the national industry. But the general tone of the reviewers is against the American film, and for the continental importation. The age of smart high-hat-

ting of the American scene—even the motion picture scene—is becoming a little decayed. And it is interesting to note that most of the decrying, whether against the films, the stage, literature, or morals, is done by those who seldom, if ever, leave their native shores to observe fairly-mindedly the customs, the thoughts and life of Europe.

Just how many foreign films have we seen that merit a wholesale condemnation of our own films, inconsequent and entertaining as many of them may be? In one's mind stand out, probably, such works as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari", "Siegfried", "The Last Laugh", and "Variety". Well enough! And those few films mentioned deserve hearty applause. But how many people have suffered the intolerable antics of the average foreign film, pointless, badly photographed, garishly acted? Few homemakers, chiefly because the average continental film is so far below the poorest American film that it would be sheer monetary suicide to exhibit it in this country. I have sat, in various continental movie dives and watched such ramblings as Pirandello's "The Late Mathias Pascal", "Paris", "The Street Without Joy", which received high acclaim from the foreign critics, then ran for relief to the lowest American cinema and watched Tom Mix and his indefatigable Tony perform stereotyped actions in an unreal and impossible West.

This proves little if anything. A personal reaction is never to be trusted. I strove, in my many viewings of the continental film, which included a unique Russian interpretation of Tolstoy's "The Power of Darkness", and a futuristic motion picture ballet in which machinery was the motive and much elbow drumming of mechanical pianos by the young Polish-American composer, George Antheil, the refrain, to seek for the art about which I had heard so much from the pens of my compatriots on the nether side of the sea.

If I did not find art or what passes for it in this benighted country, I discovered at least that the quality which appears to pass for art in most of the foreign films I viewed, was a grand conglomeration of disturbed sequences, poor lighting, over-acting, mismanaged grouping of masses, childish photography, and a never failing tendency to drag out what story there was, if any, to the murderous point of sheer tedium.

Compare the average foreign film with the average American film, and my point makes itself understood without further attempt at explanation. Humorously enough, the continental director, as the peasant looks towards America as the mecca of the fine motion picture. A winter, two years ago, in Vienna, Austria, I was assigned by an American newspaper (Turn to Page Ten).



## CITY ADDS TO ROLLING STOCK

**T**HE CITY TRUSTEES at their meeting Monday evening voted to acquire some additional rolling stock in the form of a caterpillar tractor and to establish a corporation yard for housing the municipal street equipment.

On the motion of Trustee Fenton Foster it was voted that the chairman of the board be authorized to negotiate for the rental from the Cornell Tractor company of a two-ton caterpillar tractor for \$170 a month, on a down payment of \$300 and an option to purchase for \$2,000, the rental money to apply on the purchase price.

A special meeting of the board will be held today for the purpose of adopting plans and specifications for a galvanized iron structure at Fourth avenue and Junipero street to house the tractor and other street equipment owned by the city. City Manager Alfred Parker Fraser reported that the structure would cost in the neighborhood of \$12,000.

No action was taken by the board, at least none was taken in open meeting, on the application made at the last meeting by City Marshal Gus England for an increase in salary from \$150 to \$175.

No action was taken regarding the funny bone-handled revolver for which the city is paying \$200 a month for uselessly shooting around the streets on a motor-cycle.

### FIRE DEPARTMENT RECEIVES TOTAL OF \$1404 IN FUND DRIVE

A total of \$1404 was received by the Carmel Volunteer Fire department from approximately 200 contributors in its recent drive for funds to maintain its social room in the fire department building on Sixth avenue. The Cymbal hasn't the space to publish a list of the subscribers, but is glad to express the appreciation and thanks of the department for the liberal response of the public.

### SISTER OF MISS MOSSIE HUNKINS IS KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Mrs. C. M. Latham, sister of Miss Mossie Hunkins, owner of the Old Cabin in Carmel, and daughter of Mr. S. B. Hunkins of this city, was killed last Friday in Plattsburgh, New York, when the automobile in which she was riding was struck by a train. Her husband was injured in the crash, but will recover.

### AT THE MANZANITA

Zane Grey's "Forsaken River" is on the boards at the Manzanita theater tomorrow and Friday nights. Saturday the Manzanita offers Wanda Hawley and House Peters in "Combat" and on Thursday and Friday nights of next week is the famous German film, "The Waltz Dream".

### LOCAL GROCERY MERCHANT ANNOUNCES NEW PARTNER

W. E. Campbell, operating the cash grocery store on Dolores street, announces this week that he has taken into the firm with him F. H. Leslie. Leslie was formerly a factory representative of one of California's large corporations and has been a resident of Carmel for three years.

### STAR GAZERS AT UNITY HALL

Two star seers will talk at Unity Hall on the evening of Saturday, October 30. All those who are interested in the study of astrology are promised an enjoyable evening which will include a social hour and refreshments. The affair is given for the benefit of the Unity building fund.

### "TROUBLE WITH WIVES" AT GOLDEN BOUGH TONIGHT

Another picture by Malcolm St. Clair as director, will be shown at the Theatre of the Golden Bough tonight and tomorrow night. It is "The Trouble With Wives", and those who enjoyed St. Clair's "Grand Duchess and the Waiter" a few weeks ago will find great interest in this picture. Florence Vidor is well cast in this picture.

"A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is the offering of the Golden Bough for Saturday and Sunday evenings of this week. There will be a special children's matinee on Saturday afternoon when the admittance charge will be 15 cents.

**THE BLUE BIRD TEA ROOM**  
is serving a special Sunday dinner  
at 12 noon and 6 o'clock in the  
evening.

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

**SAN CARLOS INVESTMENT CO.**  
MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

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## PERSONAL MENTION

THE members of the Peninsula Country Club have planned a unique party for this Friday night. Charles Van Riper, Byington Ford and Harrison Godwin form the entertainment committee. They have decided on a Cabaret party and are rehearsing diligently on short dance numbers and skits. Bill Lawrence and Jo Ghirardelli will put on an original skit and Ruth Kuster and Frances Glassell will also assist in the entertainment. Jo Mora has designed an unusual invitation card, which promises a delightful evening to all who attend.

Mrs. Valentine Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams and Laidlaw Williams have returned from Yosemite where they were visiting for a few days.

Mrs. Parker Wilson has taken the Carroll house in Pebble Beach for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson have moved back into the Field cottage on San Antonio and Ninth.

Word has been received from Mr. and Mrs. William C. Watts saying that they have left Rome and are now in Tripoli. They expect to spend the winter in Egypt where Mr. Watts will continue his painting.

Mrs. Lucius Norris of Piedmont is spending a few days with her niece, Mrs. Hobart Glassell.

Major and Mrs. Lee Watson entertained at supper for the cast of "Hay Fever". Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Richard Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson, Mrs. Ralph Todd, Miss Helen Judson, Miss Gladys Vander Roest, the Messers Bill Williams, Barry Parker, Frank Murphy, Robert Hestwood and George Ball. The party went to the Del Monte Lodge for dancing later in the evening.

Mr. Paul Heyman and Mr. Peter Schuefftan of Hollywood were here over the week-end. They were the guests of Mrs. Lucille Kiestner.

Master John Burns Todd entertained at a birthday party Sunday afternoon. Among the guests were Louise and Toland Glassell, Barry Flanders, Juliana and Austin Mitchell Woodward, Nancy Hale, Freer and Hugh Gottfried, Thorne Kinsey, Gail Johnson, Roder Stewart Stinson. Among the grown-ups were Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mrs. Percy Smith, Mrs. Eliot Coburn, Mrs. Tad Stinson, Mrs. Mark Kinsey, Mrs. Ray Woodward, Mrs. Donald Hale, Mrs. Hobart Glassell, Mrs. Paul Flanders, Mrs. Richard Johnson and Miss Kathryn Smit. Birthday cake, horns and toys were enjoyed in large quantities. The Misses Vivian Foree and Jean

Stewart and the Messers O. J. Cope, Bill Hudson and S. Arner have returned from San Jose where they attended the opening of the new St. Claire hotel.

Week-end guests at Highlands Inn were M. Maurice Barrier and M. Jean Barrier of Paris, Geophry B. Meyers from London, M. J. Rich, Fred T. Hill, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Pagnuelo of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Swezy of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace D. Duffy of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Gossage of Petaluma, Mrs. Nellie Navin and Mrs. G. Evarts from Detroit, Mrs. Belle B. Calwell of Jackson, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Condit and Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Condit of Beardstown, Ill.

Dr. and Mrs. Forrest Shreve and their daughter Margaret have returned to their home in Tucson, Arizona. Mrs. Shreve and Margaret have been in Carmel all summer and Dr. Shreve has been here on several visits.

Ray Woodward has returned from Hollywood where he was staying on business.

Mrs. J. P. Poindestre entertained at her home in Monterey over the week-end Mrs. Harold Crane of San Francisco and Mrs. C. Bourhe of Washington D.C. They were in Carmel Thursday.

Johan Hagemeyer has returned to his home after a week in San Francisco.

Miss Tilly Polak left Saturday for Walnut Creek where she will attend the wedding of a friend. She also visited in Berkeley Mrs. Duncan Mc Duffie.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Espee entertained at dinner Mr. and Mrs. David Alberto and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Elliot at Hotel La Playa.

The ladies of the St James Guild were entertained at the home of Mrs. Charles Clark. After the business meeting Mrs. Clark served tea to the members.

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## AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. W. E. Campbell, local merchant, operating Campbell's Cash Store, takes pleasure in announcing to his many friends and customers in Carmel and vicinity, that his rapidly expanding business makes necessary an addition in personnel and capital and that Mr. F. H. Leslie will hereafter be associated with him in his business.

Mr. Leslie, lately Factory Representative for one of the largest corporations in California, has been a resident of Carmel for the past three years, having long ago succumbed to its lure as the only place to live, and in making this connection does so as a result of his conviction of its possibilities in a business way. He brings to the business the experience of many years of business administration and a wealth of wholesale and retail sales ability that should prove invaluable to our steadfast determination to operate a better store—from the customers' viewpoint—than ever before, that we may continue to deserve your patronage and goodwill.



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Mr. and Mrs. Russell Field, Miss Ruth  
Huntington, Miss Bolline Gregg.

(Continued from Page Seven)

picture studio. I went expecting to find art staring me in the face. I went with childish expectation of finding out how the great continental masterpieces were produced (I had not been long abroad at that point). What I did find was a ramshackle building in which the hair torn director worked aimlessly against the terrific odds of an industry ten years behind the times in mechanical equipment. Over the flares, tissue paper was employed to soften the light, antique contrivances I had encountered as a boy in the old and long defunct Balboa studios at Long Beach while working out a movie complex. The director, discovering that I had once been connected, even remotely, with the great American industry, expressed his desire to go to Hollywood, to sit at the feet of "the masters", to learn the art which had been born under California skies. So pathetically anxious was this man, an able Austrian director and respected in the continental circles of moviedom, to gain something of the technique of our downtrodden native films that he requested me, who knew no more about directing a film than I did of speaking the Viennese dialect, to "shoot" some of his scenes for him. If, to hide my quailing spirit, I did as he desired, is not of consequence in this discussion, except as a sidelight as to the eagerness of the intelligent foreigner to master the American technique, whether at the hands of novice or professional.

But I stray from the topic. Lest the reader imagine that personal reactions towards the continental films are blinding me in my attitude towards the average continental and American film, let me back my contention with a few relevant facts.

It has long been established that American pictures, and by this I refer to what we self-elected elite refer to as the "average trash", are more sought after abroad than the native products. Any Frenchman, Austrian, Italian, Spaniard, or what have you? would walk an extra square to view an American film. Here I am speaking of the masses, the equivalent to the American movie attendant. American films are in demand? Why? Simply this: because even the poorest, most banal (and God knows there are plenty of them!) film of American brand is certain to have fair direction, photography and continuity, not to mention what passes for acting, while the home-grown product of the European celluloid factories tortures even the most ardent of continental fans.

There are two theatres in Paris which cater only to the intelligent minority, film guilds, they call themselves, one at the intimate and lovely Vieux Colombier, the other at the Studio. At the former, talks about the art of the cinema are given weekly, and the merits of the films presented are discussed fairly and with real intelligence by men of mentality. It is customary, or was, at any rate, last winter, to show films of similar nature, one after the other, usually products of different countries, to allow the interested observer form his own opinions as to the artistic

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

Wrought Iron

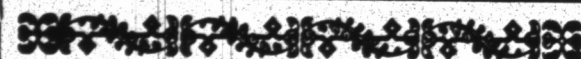
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## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

11

merit of motion picture producing in the various nations. And it is furthermore interesting to note, that at this Vieux Colombier, the most "high brow" temple of the cinema in France, that American films are in the preponderance. Not alone tragedies. Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" receives the same serious and penetrating treatment alongside a European comedian as does "The Last Laugh", billed at the same performance with the American-made "The Marriage Circle".

Let us admit, or pretend to, for the sake of progressing with this article, that the American "average" motion picture is better than the average European. Let us inspect the few continental works of film art which have survived the transatlantic voyage and received the unbounded plaudits of our capricious and child-like motion picture critics in this land where things American are apt to be moulded with the ink of disdain.

The chief interesting importations of the last year or so seem to be "The Last Laugh", "Siegfried", "Variety" and "The Waltz Dream".

Take "The Last Laugh". A film rich with humanity, spoiled at the end by a cheap, uncalled-for display of germanic mirth. "Siegfried", spangled with bits of beautiful photography and much over-acting, not to mention ridiculous sets. "Variety", which will probably not find an American equivalent for interesting psychology. "The Waltz Dream", produced by Ufa in an attempt at light romantic comedy, slow moving and imitative of American productions of the Graustark type.

Match these, or rather, name artistically portrayed, well-photographed American films of the first rank (ranked even so by our critics) and I think you will see that the continent, in its few good films, does not outrank, with the exception of "Variety", the better films of this nation. "Stella Dallas", a sincere and touching drama, splendidly acted and directed, and with, mark you, an unhappy ending! "The Marriage Circle", foreign directed, to be true, but with the assimilated influence of American technique to refine it over and against "The Last Laugh" with which it ran, as I remarked, on a double bill in Paris; "The Merry Widow", Graustark beautifully acted and portrayed, against the mechanical "The Waltz Dream"; "The Ten Commandments", "The Vanishing American", "The Black Pirate", against the sad "Siegfried". Recollect all those old Pola Negri films of Ufa extraction, re-titled "Passion", and such like. And then see Norma Shearer in "The Tower of Lies" (if I remember the name correctly); study "The Big Parade".

View any of any critic's list of the ten best American pictures of the year, as against the few artistic and interesting foreign films that merit presentation in this country, and I think that you will have pause for thought. To claim that such a picture as "Variety", for instance, has an American peer would be to include

myself in the fold of the rutted tribe of critical columnists in our best eastern papers. But these examples of superiority are far and few between, and calling a maltese cat white because of occasional milky markings on its otherwise grey body does not necessarily make the pussy white as driven snow.

Let us view our films, foreign and native, with a clear and unbiased intelligence, free of deprecation for our own internal products, yet ready to admit that good films, when they do appear, are really good, even if they happen to be American.



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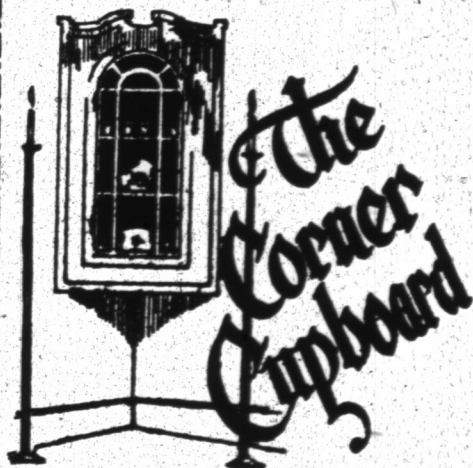
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## ADVENTURES IN EATING IN

The doorbell rang. There he is now. Mother hurriedly removed her apron, wiped her hands and went to the door. The pastor entered. He had been invited for dinner. Heavy greetings were exchanged, then mother excused herself to finish cooking the meal. On her way to the kitchen she stopped to persuade father to hurry down and entertain the guest. Father was shaving. "He's not my guest. You asked him." Mother never argued. The biscuits were burning.

Little sister entered the parlor. She had looked forward to this occasion and was prim. The pastor was congenial and all of her awe and timidity left and she soon felt at home. She played several pieces on the piano and was going strong when father entered. He heard the music and chose conversation with the pastor.

Mother called Junior. He answered from the cellar. Dinner was delayed one half hour while he cleaned himself. Another five minutes was used in reminding him of how he should act for the evening.

Junior: "Darn these preachers anyway."

Mother: "Another word and I'll thrash you."

All were stiffly seated at the table. Father looked at the preacher with a show of reverence. "Will you return thanks?" Junior never heard such a long thanks in his life. He marveled. He

wondered. He reached for a drink. Mother reached for his hand just in time.

Conversation was manufactured. Every one kept it going but Junior. He looked after the material world. Father was cautious. He weighed every remark before speaking. He weighed them after he spoke. The only value that they had was in filling silences. There was such a spiritual atmosphere. Mother reveled in it. The pastor was such an influence in the home, a model for the whole family. The pastor complimented her on each article of food. She smiled. She was radiant. He was looking into the future. Junior was looking into his lap. Sister was mortified. She just knew it would happen. What would the preacher think? The preacher was oblivious. Junior was human. Boys will be boys. Junior looked into his lap again. He found the meat and ate it. "Horror!" thought sister.

As the meal went on human relationships became more human. Conversation became less tense. By the time it was ended every one felt half natural. Junior started to leave but was firmly put back into his place. Father pushed back his chair and reached in his pocket. Mother gave him a sharp glance. His hand came out empty. He felt irritated. "I'll smoke two tomorrow."

"Let us go into the parlor," said mother.

Junior started to clear the table. He had his choice. Do the dishes or go into the parlor.

—B. B.



"Junior never heard such a long thanks . . . He reached for a drink."

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## 'Arabia Deserta' In A New Edition

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

THERE APPEARED in 1888 a book by an Englishman who had spent two years travelling through the wilderness of the Arabian Desert. It was a strange book—more than a record of his experience—more than a guide for future travellers—more than a work of art. It was a combination of all these; yet more again than this.

The book is called "Arabia Deserta". Its author is Charles M. Doughty, a dignified, lovable character, a tireless explorer, a master of prose style, and, moreover, a poet. It is so absolutely authentic and true to fact that students of Arabia have come to depend on it for all their information. It has even been used as a military guide. Colonel T. E. Lawrence, in an excellent introduction, says "There is no sentiment, nothing merely of oriental travel-books. Doughty's completeness is devastating. There is nothing we would take away, little we could add." "It is a book which begins powerfully, written in a style which has apparently neither father or son, so closely wrought, so tense, so just in its words and phrases, that it demands a hard reader."

This book has become so indispensable to students that it is referred to simply as "Doughty". One would wonder on first thoughts what there could possibly be to record in such an unenchanted country more than the small events of travel, camp, meals and travel again—a monotonous routine. But Doughty has made every day a notable one for some reason or another and every insignificant event a real happening. He has lived his Arabia through and through, and only in this way has he been able to create so vital a record of his experiences. He grew to love the wandering tribes among whom he sojourned for so long and was able to contact the hidden fineness of those forbidding sons of the desert. It speaks well for his sense of justice and an understanding of a difficult people, that, years after his visit they remembered and spoke highly of him. Their attitude towards travellers has since been less hostile.

What is it that makes one read on and on in this book of a thousand pages, full of diagrams, maps and charts? It is not an interest in Arabia, not a wish to make the journey, not a love of adventure, but just a delight in sheer accomplishment. Beauty of words and phrases are here, and a keen awareness of the quiet dignity of simple sustained prose. One hears of all the little things that the ordinary traveler forgets to narrate. "these pleasant wild figs, figs no greater than hazel nuts, and the taste not unlike wood strawberries" "a little fly-catcher bird, slender and slate-coloured, which coursed nimbly upon the tormenting flies, snatched her prey without ever missing" . . . or "learning is but a

painful curiosity to the Arabs, which may little avail them—an ornament bred of the yawning superfluity of welfaring men's lives."

Sometimes he rises to heights of description such as the following:

After half an hour the worst (of the storm) was past, and we mounted again. Little birds, before unseen, flitted cheerfully chattering over a wet wilderness. The sun looked forth, and then appeared a blissful and surpassing spectacle! A triple rainbow painted in the air before us. Over two equal bows a third was reared upon the feet of the first. These were the celestial arches of the sun's building, a peace in heaven after the battle of the elements in the desert-land of Arabia.

For many years "Arabia Deserta" has been a rarity—found only on the shelf of the collector or in fine libraries. The first editions were expensive, partly on account of the plates and maps and partly on account of the bulk. They were soon sold and became so prized by the buyers that when once Doughty found a place on a bookshelf, he was not easily relinquished.

Boni and Liveright have done a fine piece of work with the new rice-paper edition. It is complete in every detail. The type is clear and the maps excellent. There is a portrait of the author made as late as 1921. It must have taken some faith in the discrimination of the reading public to undertake so great a task and still more faith in the permanent value of this reliable and intensely human document.

### TRAIN SCHEDULES

#### Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

#### Arriving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

### CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

### STATE BUSES

#### Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.)

Miss Aletta Callahan visited Mrs. Dorothy Rischel at Chico over the week end. They have returned to Carmel.

\* \* \*

Miss Aline MacKay from Victoria is on her way south to visit Mrs. Valentine Porter.

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## 'HONOR THY WIFE'

**H**ONOR THY WIFE—wouldn't you know they'd give the picture a title like that in America? A bombastic, typically Cecil B. DeMille misnomer. The German title, which is a direct translation from the Danish, is "Ehret die Frauen" or—literally—"Honor the Women". The French have called the picture, in more or less neutral fashion, "Le Maître du Logis".

But whatever the name, the picture itself was a splendid and sustained piece of work, typical of the best rather than the average Danish film.

At the first performance the other night, we were told that it was a fallacy to compare imported pictures with our own productions. I disagree. Mediums of artistic expression in different countries are always comparable—the development of the one-act play, for instance, or the evolution of modern painting. Why not profit be gained then, on both sides, by comparing the European-made film with the American product?

In a narrow technical way, "Honor Thy Wife" had flaws. Apparently, in the Danish studios, they have not learned the trick of "fading in" from one shot to another, nor have they mastered the method of following a "long shot" by a "medium close" and finally by the straight "close-

ing is entirely remote from ours. They never strain for high emotional effects nor is there the promiscuous slopping over of sentimentality that, whether we like to admit it or not, is characteristic of many of our films. Restraint—so inherent a part of art (and of good breeding)—is never lost sight of. The old nurse—whose acting merits the adjective superb—delights our souls merely by the way she wrinkles her nose or blinks her wise old eyes!

The conception of character is naive rather than profound. There is a Dickensian quality to the people—the father is so very cross, the mother so very sweet and patient! And the nurse bore many resemblances to the caustic but loving Peggotty of "David Copperfield".

There was always time, during "Honor Thy Wife", to notice lovely groupings and odd, quaint traits of character because the film was not racing at a mad pace, nor cluttered with useless and silly action. The conception of the idea of the story,



ups". The scenes jump distractingly from different parts of the room and from one room to another. The audience cannot tell just what the matter is, but they are conscious of a "choppyness" and, finally, of eye-strain.

But, if they have not quite mastered the idea of "shooting" there was no doubt left in my mind after seeing "Honor Thy Wife" that the Danish use of light and shading and their attention to grouping and pictorial effects were far in advance of ours. No spectacular or flashy shots, but the simple grouping of two or three heads. There was a quality in the scenes between the mother and boy that reminded me of a painting by some old Flemish master—there was the same simplicity and harmony and sense of ruggedness.

The Danish conception of cinema act-

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

and the creation of the character therein were the all-important things in the director's mind. Details of plot were eliminated. The "set" was taken as it existed—a three-room interior in some middle-class home. The result was a film, which, if at times a bit weighty and slow-moving, was a drama of actual life. "Honor Thy Wife" lends itself to endless discussion like some well-wrought work of literature.

—R. P.

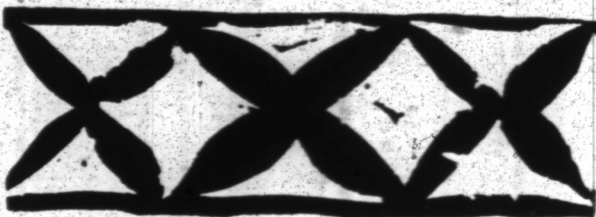
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(Continued from Page Five)

front page headlines to tell us that the lady breakfasted on sausages and buckwheat the first day out on the Leviathan and each day we are told, and as a nation we gulp up the telling, just what she wore on her initial appearance each day on the deck. As for the Queen herself she has probably come to America principally because her peculiar form of vanity feeds on attention and swelling acclamation of her every move, and she possesses correct measurement of America. No fool is so precious to one who craves notoriety than the fool who grovels and bends in awe and in America we are fool-full of this brand. Queen Marie is a marvelous publicity agent for herself. In her Hearstian newspaper syndicate stuff she recently told a none too sardonic world what she expected in her ideal man. It was perfect drivel, but it is safe to assume that it had as wide consumption as the doings of our shallow-brained Los Angeles evangelist. And Queen Marie is the special saint just now of stenographers, telephone girls and realtors' wives. She is an appropriate saint for the worshippers.

**H**ISTORY records defeats where victories were in the hearts and minds of the vanquished, but search as you will you can find no record of victories where defeat dominated the spirit of the victors before they entered the fray. It is doubly and gloriously remarkable then that a dozen or so young men of Monterey High school virtually won a football contest against Pacific Grove high school on the Monterey gridiron last Saturday. All that saved Pacific Grove from a 14 to 13 defeat was the crack of the gun at the end of the first half when Monterey was eight yards from the coveted goal. But even the score of 13 to 7, by which the score cards say Monterey lost, was a victory for the Green and Gold boys; it was a victory and it was a protest—a protest that cried out from the determined and aching backs of those football bays against a school and a student body that had no faith. The "Green and Gold", Monterey's own school paper, came out the day before the game with a headline on the first page that read: "Grove Favored To Win Biggest Game of Season". With that expressed attitude of the school behind it it is surprising that the score of Saturday's game was not 100 to 0 in favor of Pacific Grove. The thing goes farther and deeper than a football game. It is not purely a matter of metaphysics that the will to do and the faith of those behind you can move figurative mountains. That will is strengthened by the faith of those whose prayers are with you and it is not at all too much to assume that those boys who carried the Green and Gold colors would have won the victory Saturday if that headline in their school paper had read: "Monterey Will Win Against Grove Today". It is hoped that the editor of the "Green and Gold" will never again warrant the charge "O ye of little faith".

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## THE ONLY CHILD

WE HAVE ALWAYS known that the only child may be the spoiled child. But this is not necessarily true—not when the parent or parents are conscientious people who have notions as to what an obedient, agreeable child should be like. However, there are other things that might be said about an only child from his own point of view. In the first place he is apt to be kept too close to his parents; he gains an oldness in language and manners. This may be quaint and pretty to observe, even amusing to other people. But—to the child it means a more or less serious loss of touch with children of his own age, who, partly from disgust at the commendation bestowed on him by their elders, are apt to scorn him. And alas! this loss of touch with his own generation may, to some degree extend into his adult life—that's the pity of it! Do we not know of such only children, whom their parents wished to make too perfect, at sixteen or seventeen out of joint with their own world? E. is a charming girl, you say—and to your surprise your young companion answers, "None of the boys and girls like her!" Why? "Oh, I don't know, but we don't." The child who is brought up alone with adults, and has few companions of his own age is being put sadly at a disadvantage. We must never forget that it is the child's own generation he must fit into, if he is to be happy and successful.

Many a mother, especially if her child is of a disposition that does not fret from being bored and lonely, congratulates herself that she can keep him apart—he is less excitable, does not learn so many "bad words", is altogether more easily controlled, she thinks. But it would be well if the mother could realize that, though it may be easier for her, her child is losing the early training in adjusting himself to others who are his equals. Also he is losing the stimulus of contact with the play of other children. Far better to do a certain amount of scrapping and quarreling, as normal children do, than to be what we style "a sensitive disposition", and lack proper combativeness when you grow up. The boy who is kept away from other boys, and allowed to play only with girls, because they are gentler, may have this same difficulty in fighting his way in his own world later. Parents sometimes think the very early years up to six, do not count in such matters; on the contrary, it is just then that the tendencies and sub-conscious reactions which will be most difficult to change, are being formed. Give your little child playmates—not a crowd, but plenty to keep him normal. Like grown-ups, he needs to be alone part of the time; but the need for playmates is very imperative—and we adults are apt to be selfish in denying it, sometimes.

Again, the only child of a conscientious mother is apt to be too closely supervised.

If mother has Clara, and Alice, and Bob, she gets used to children's immaturities and imperfections, takes them not too seriously, and has not time to supervise too closely. She acquires some ability to judge wisely. Result, the children have more initiative and more freedom to grow psychologically as nature intended them to.

Another point—though an only child may be the most obedient, the best-mannered and most charming child in the world, the tie to the parents is too close, almost inevitably—it is apt to be a "tiethat binds". When the child grows up, his experience has been that of receiving all the care, thought and affection of his family. How can he be so able to share affection, to share responsibility, to love his neighbor as himself, as the child brought up among several others? When—or if—he marries, he seeks a mother or a father in his mate, expects the same absolute affection, attention and considerateness, putting himself in the place, all unconsciously, of the demanding, self-centered child.

How important, then, that parents unfortunate enough to be obliged to bring up a child alone, should make a determined effort and sacrifice to see that these difficulties in the way of the child are modified as far as possible; that the child is given companions, a right amount of freedom, and a kind of love that is large, and wise.

We have been speaking only of tendencies in the home of the conscientious parent. For the only child who is a mistake, unwanted, left to unloving care, or less; lonely, rebellious, or spoiled by wrong discipline, we can only have the sincerest pity, and hope that some day a second-best substitute for home may be found in school or guardian.

—A. M. W.

## THE CARMEL CYMBAL

### Schmitz, Pianist Offers Rare Treat

ROBERT SCHMITZ, the brilliant French pianist, will appear in concert at the Theatre of the Golden Bough Friday evening of this week under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society and the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association.

Schmitz ranks with the greatest pianists of the day and his concert here will prove only one more laurel for the Philharmonic society in its efforts to provide the best in music for the people of the peninsula.

The program for Friday night is as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in A minor (transcription by Liszt) Bach.

Sonata in B minor op. 58 (Allegro maestoso, scherzo, large, finale) Chopin.

Prelude in A minor. Debussy.

Fireworks. Debussy.

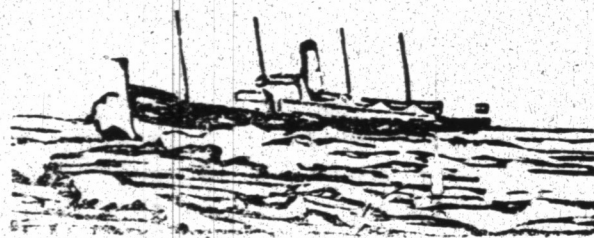
La Terrasse des audiences du claire de lune. Debussy.

Dance. Debussy.

Prelude Chorale and Fugue. Franck.

Evocation. Albeniz.

Mephisto Waltz. Liszt.



Miss Frances Pryor gave a luncheon at Kays on Tuesday.

\* \* \*

Miss Lucy Stebbins, Dean of Women at the University of California, is in Carmel for three or four days.

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